THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

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Slave Power.—No. VII.

...tified with a Quarter Part of Mexico.

The prohibition in the Federal Constitu... of the making of any treaty without ...sent of two-thirds of the Senate, was ...ust, and necessary provision of that ...ent, for the protection of minorities ...States, represented *as States* in that... Without it the Constitution could ...ave been adopted. The States, still ...dent communities, would never have ...p such a power over their foreign re... to a bare majority of the States, ...less of the people, of the confedera...

...t the close of the cession of 1843-4 ...scheme for the annexation of Texas by means of the treaty making power had been signally defeated. Scarcely any one yet had dreamed that it would be ever revived in any other form. Scarcely had it entered the wildest imagination, that any attempt would be made to put Massachusetts and New York under the government of Texas, by a process allowing them less of a voice and less security than they enjoyed in the negotiation of an arrangement for some trumpery commercial privilege.

But Mr. Tyler, and Mr. Calhoun, and the usurpers they represented, were not to be so put off. In the interval before the next meeting of Congress, they had insisted to the Texans that the measure was still pending, as if the Senate had not solemnly put an end to it by their action of June 8th: they had kept them in heart by military assistance, without any authority of law: and in his message at the opening of Congress in December, 1844, the President announced that the question "has been submitted to the ordeal of public sentiment.—A controlling majority of the people, and a large majority of the States, have declared in favor of immediate annexation. Instructions have thus come up to both branches of Congress, from their respective constituents, in terms the most emphatic. It is the will of both the people and the States that Texas shall be annexed to the Union promptly and immediately." And he adds, "The two governments having already *agreed* through their respective organs, on the terms of annexation, [*I am the State*, for the Senate, one of the powers necessary to any agreement by the Constitution, had *disagreed*,] I would recommend their adoption by Congress, in the form of *a joint Resolution or Act*, to be perfected and made binding on the two countries, when adopted, in like manner, by the government of Texas."

The President's declaration of the will of the people respecting the annexation of Texas was his inference from the result of the then recent Presidential election. The democratic convention, which a week before the rejection of a treaty by the Senate, had nominated Mr. Polk, had at the same time adopted some dozen resolutions, expressing the sense of its members on as many matters of public policy. One of them was as follows: "that our title to the whole of Oregon is clear and unquestionable; that no portion of the same ought to be ceded to England or any other power, and that the re-occupation of Oregon and the re-annexation of Texas at the earliest practicable period, are great American measures, which this Convention recommend to the cordial support of the Democracy of the Union." Mr. Polk was chosen (having sixteen out of twenty-six States in his favor,) and the question of annexation, said Mr. Tyler and his Secretary, was thereby decided at the polls. Bank, Tariff, Internal Improvements, Sub-Treasury, Native Americanism, Distribution of the public lands, Oregon, and other issues raised in the resolutions of the nominating Convention, were to go for nothing,—for nothing the electioneering frauds in Louisiana, Pennsylvania and New York,—for nothing the sixteen thousand Liberty party votes in the Latter States, which though they gave Mr. Polk the election, were hardly meant to be for annexation. Texas, and Texas only, had been in the people's mind: their votes had instructed Congress; and annex Texas it must, *bon gre, mal gre* that Constitution, which the President and Congress were sworn to support.

So annex they did, as far as in them lay, though with no more constitutional right or power to do it, than any other 280 men in the country, who should get together some fine morning, and pass a similar vote for the annexation of China with the Celestial Emperor's consent. On the 26th of January, 1845, after three or four weeks' debate, the House of Representatives, by a vote of 120 to 98, resolved on its part,—"that Congress doth consent that the Territory properly included within, and rightfully belonging to, the Republic of Texas, may be erected into a new State, to be called the State of Texas, with a republican form of government, to be adopted by the people of said Republic, by deputies in Convention assembled, with the consent of the existing government, in order that the same may be admitted as one of the States of this Union."

The Senate held out better, and for five weeks of sharp anxiety, there was hope that it should not betray its great trust. At length it was known that the combined forces of intrigue, and corruption, party management, General Jackson's thunder, and executive patronage, had secured about enough voters from the North to do the iniquitous work of the Slave Power, and that the issue hung only on the will of a Democratic Senator from the South, whose conscience, notwithstanding the biasses of his position and his party creed, refused as yet to be silenced. A wretched artifice obtained the vote of the recusant Senator, and without a day's delay a messenger was sped to Texas, to invite her to enter the breach that bad men had made through the constitutional defences of the people of the United States.

All the rest the usurpers affected to regard as only form, and proceeded to force through the formal measures with violent and indecent haste. Congress met in 1845, on the first day of December. On the 10th, immediately on the appointment of the committees, the portion of the President's message relating to the admission of Texas was referred to the Committtee on the Territories. The next day that committee reported to the House a resolution, "that the State of Texas shall be one, and is hereby declared to be one, of the United States of America, and admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, in all respects whatever." It was made the Order of the Day for the fifth day after, at which time the *Previous Question* was immediately called for and sustained, the Constitution of the new State having been placed in the members' hands only the day before. In an hour and forty minutes the thing was over in the House, the insult to the Constitution being scarcely aggravated by a second resolution, giving to Texas two Representatives till the census of 1850, without anything to show that its population is as great as that of Delaware, which has but one.* Of all days in the three hundred and sixty-five, the final act passed the Senate on the 22d day of December, whilst at Plymouth they were celebrating the landing of the pioneers of freedom in this western world. Wonderful was it, that the hundred and one glorious ghosts of 1620, on that ninth quarter-century of the ripening of the seeds they sowed, did not "squeak and gibber" in the merry hall, to the drowning of speech and joke, of horn and cymbal.

No. VIII.

Objections to Annexation in the Free States.—Counter-Current of the Cotton Manufacturers.

"The measure of annexation is calculated and designed, by the open declarations of its friends, to uphold the interests of slavery, extend its influence, and secure its permanent duration."

This is quoted from Mr. Calhoun. The declaration and some of its bearings were early understood in some of the free States, and they took their measures accordingly.—In 1838 some of the Legislatures expressed the sense of their constituents. That of Rhode Island passed resolutions, denying the competency of any branch of the government to effect the annexation, or that it could be accomplished "without the formation of a new compact of Union." The General Assembly of Ohio unanimously declared, "that Congress has no power conferred on it by the Constitution of the U. States to consent to such annexation; and that the people of Ohio cannot be bound by any such convenant, league, or arrangement, made between Congress and any foreign State or nation." The General Court of Massachusetts resolved, also, unanimously, "We do, in the name of the people of Massachusetts, earnestly and solemnly protest against the annexation of Texas to this Union, and declare that no act done, or compact made, for such purpose, by the government of the United States, will be binding on the States or the people."

When the villany was started again in 1843, and till its consummation, the protests of the same States were renewed with continued unanimity, with frequent repetition, and, if possible, in still more emphatic language. No party within their borders could take the opposite ground without suicide. Connecticut and New Jersey added their wholesome testimony. New Hampshire and Maine were still in their slavish democratic bonds. Pennsylvania is brutish, and did nothing, but, like the strong ass Issachar, crouched down beneath her burdens, and bowed her shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute. New York did nothing. Poor soulless giant, her honorable history is yet to begin. From her colonial times, when, patching up a dastardly truce, she helped the French and Indians down from the Berkshire hills against the shield brave Massachusetts held over the New England settlements, through the time of her traitors of the revolutionary age, down to the time of her Butlers and her Marcys, her Van Buren and Hoyts, corruption and paltroonery have with her ruled the hour. Nature has her freaks, and in one of them she gave a great man, John Jay, to New York. Hamilton was a waif from the West Indies on her spirit-barren shore, and Rufus King from Massachusetts. No doubt, among her millions, she has many wise and good, but the day when they begin to impress any influence of theirs upon her counsels, will open a new chapter in the annals of New York.

Masssachusetts was the back bone of the opposition. Standing erect, and (as it seemed) undivided, just and patriotic men everywhere were hoping that the contagion of her stern example would yet save the land from bitter shame. While the Joint Resolutions were pending, a great convention of her citizens met in Faneuil Hall, to utter her warning in yet another form. The call was signed by men of all parties,—the men accustomed to represent, on important occasions, the intelligence, the property, the patriotism, and weight of character of the Commonwealth,—though already was remarked an absence of a small number of names, to which subsequent developments gave a significance. A vigorous address, worthy of the place of deliberation, and of the old times it had kindred with, was sent forth to the people with unanimous assent. Massachusetts seemed all nerve and heart. She gave another ringing response from her Legislative halls. It was more than four months after Mr. Polk's election, and four weeks after the passage of the Joint Resolution through Congress, that, by solemn resolution, with only 27 dissenting voices, in her Legislature of more than three hundred members, she repeated her "refusal to acknowledge the Act of the government of the United States, authorising the admission of Texas as a legal act."

Through all its stages the measure had been carried with a high hand. But it is bad generalship to rely on hard knocks alone. Mr. Walker, one of the Coryphæi of the scheme, undertook to coax some support for it among the ill-affected in the free States. In 1844, at the close of his widely circulated letter of Jan. 8th, [all mischief now-a-days shelters itself under that date] after showing to the slaveholders how annexation would increase their power, and raise the value of their property, and giving to various other interests their portion in due season, he turned to the friends of protection for domestic industry in the East, and told them, with due emphasis of italics and capitals, "Let it be known and proclaimed as a certain *truth*, and as a result which *can never hereafter be changed or recalled*, that upon the refusal of re-annexation, now, and in all time to come, THE TARIFF, AS A PRACTICAL MEASURE, FALLS WHOLLY AND FOREVER, and we shall hereafter be compelled to resort to direct taxes to support the government."—Be not incredulous, gentle reader. This is the self-same Mr. Robert J. Walker, now Secretary of the Treasury, whose bill for the repeal of the tariff passed the House of Representatives on the third day of July instant, and and in the week of this present writing will be carried through the Senate by those two Texan votes which he was so eloquent with the cotton manufacturers to give him in order that the tariff might be saved. How strange that the wise should ever be caught in their own craftiness!

What effect this friendly suggestion had in winning over opposition, is not to be known. Motives are by no means always evident, even to the party moved. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Walker did not reckon altogether without his host, when he considered that there are those in the Whig party with whom the Tariff is the cardinal point of the party creed; and if by surrendering every high principle of public action, and writing themselves recreant to what had made them objects of confidence as public men, they expected to buy the forbearance of the South, and if, after all, they found themselves deceived, it was no fault of Mr. Walker's that they miscalculated and were disappointed, after all the experience of the past. And certain it is, at all events, that in the summer and autumn of 1845, an unexpected state of sentiment was manifested, even in some high quarters in Massachusetts. The people of the Commonwealth felt more injured and more determined. The leaders in a part of it winced.

For the first time, in the following winter, there was a defection in a portion of the Whig party in the General Court. Mr. Wilson, the steadfast and true hearted member from Natick in the House, introduced a Resolve, covering more ground than that of any previous legislative action, and frankly expressive of the sense of the towns of Massachusetts, respecting the sterner attitude which the abuses of the times required. It passed the House in the following words, "That Massachusetts distinctly and solemnly announces to the country her uncompromising opposition to the further extension of American slavery; that she hereby deliberately declares her earnest and unalterable purpose to use every lawful and constitutional measure for its overthrow and entire extinction; and she hereby pledges her cordial co-operation to the friends of civil liberty throughout the Union, in every just and practical measure that shall tend to free our country from the dominion, curse, and shame of slavery, and make her great and glorious among the nations."

The vote for the Resolve was 147 to 52. There was about the latter number of Democrats in the House.

In the Senate, the addition made by Mr. President Calhoun to the Committee to whom the Resolve was referred, gave it into hands which might have been expected to strangle it. Their report, not meeting the issue, but representing that the resistance of Massachusetts had already been sufficiently protracted, was adverse to the Resolve. The report was accepted, in the Senate, by a vote of 20 to 16. Of the Suffolk Senators, only two stood for the resolve. So far as may be gathered from that indication, there would be some plausibility in the assertion that the Resolve does not express the sense of Boston. But it does stand, and it will stand, nevertheless, as the sense of Massachusetts. William Pinckney said, nearly sixty years ago, that if slavery should survive fifty years, it would work a "decay of the spirit of liberty in the Free States. But the prophesied too gloomily. The capital may cower: but Massachusetts, at least, has done, and will do, her part to eiscredit the prediction.

*In the autumn of 1844, at the election of President in Texas, 12,752 votes were cast. The smallest number of votes, at the same time, in any Congressional District in Massachusetts was, 10,120, and those districts send but one member. The next smallest number was 12,113.

[We trust that the length and quaint title of the following article, will deter none of our readers from perusing it. It is in the very best manner of the "Opium Eater," and satirizes with caustic severity, a growing fault. It was written with especial reference to the works of Walter Savage Landor; a writer by the way, far less known among us, than from his scholarship, acuteness, originality, and eloquence, he deserves to be.]

Orthographic Mutineers.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCY.

As we are all of us crazy when the wind sits in some particular quarter, let not Mr. Landor be angry with me for suggesting that he is outrageously crazy upon the one solitary subject of spelling. It occurs to me, as a plausible solution of his fury on this point, that perhaps in his earliest school-days, when it is understood that he was extremely pugnacious, he may have detested spelling, and (like Roberte the Deville) have found it more satisfactory to all parties, that when the presumptuous schoolmaster differed from him on the spelling of a word, the question between them should be settled by a stand-up-fight. Both parties would have the victory at times: and if, according to Pope's expression, "justice ruled the ball," the schoolmaster (who is always a villain) would be floored three times out of four; no great matter whether wrong or not upon the immediate point of spelling discussed. It is in this way, viz: from the irregular adjudications upon litigated spelling, which must have arisen under such a mode of investigating the matter, that we may account for Mr. Landor's being sometimes in the right, but too often (with regard to long words) egregiously in the wrong. As he grew stronger and taller, he would be coming more and more amongst polysyllables, and more and more would be getting the upper hand of the schoolmaster; so that at length he would have it all his own way; one round would decide the turn up: and thenceforwards, his spelling would become frightful. Now, I myself detested spelling as mach as all people ought to do, except Continental compositors, who have extra fees for doctoring the lame spelling of ladies and gentlemen. But, unhappily, I had no power to thump the schoolmaster into a conviction of his own absurdities; which, however, I greatly desired to do. Still, my nature, powerless at that time for any active recusancy, was strong for passive resistance; and *that* is the hardest to conquer. I took one lesson of this infernal art, and then declined ever to take a second; and, in fact, I never *did*. Well I remember that unique morning's experience. It was the first page of Entick's Dictionary that I had to get by heart; a sweet sentimental task; and not, as may be fancied, the spelling only, but the horrid attempts of this depraved Entick to explain the supposed meaning of words that probably had none; many of these, it is my belief, Entick himself forged. Among the strange, grim-looking words, to whose acquaintance I was introduced on that unhappy morning, were *abalienate* and *ablaqueation*—most respectable words, I am persuaded, but so exceedingly retired in their habits, that I never once had the honor of meeting either of them in any book, pamphlet, journal, whether in prose or humorous verse, though haunting such society myself all my life. I also formed the acquaintance, at that time, of the word *abacus*, which as a Latin word, I have often used, but, as an English one, I never had occasion to spell until this very moment. Yet, after all, what harm comes of this obstinate recusancy against orthography? I was an "occasional conformist;" I conformed for one morning, and never more. But, for all that, I can spell as well as my neighbors; and I can spell *ablaqueation* besides, which I suspect that some of them can *not*.

My own spelling therefore, went right, because I was left to nature, with strict neutrality on the part of the authorities. Mr. Landor's too often went wrong, because he was thrown into a perverse channel by his continued triumphs over the prostrate schoolmaster. To toss up, as it were, for the spelling of a word, by the best of nine rounds, inevitably left the impression that chance governed all; and this accounts for the extreme capriciousness of Landor.

It is a work for a separate dictionary in quarto to record *all* the proposed revolutions in spelling through which our English blood, either at home or in America, has thrown off, at times, the surplus energy that consumed it. I conceive this to be a sort of cutaneous affection, like nettle-rash, or ringworm, through which the patient gains relief for his own nervous distraction, whilst, in fact, he does no harm to anybody: for usually he forgets his own reforms, and if *he* should not, every one else *does*. Not to travel back into the seventeenth century, and the noble army of short-hand writers who have all made war upon orthography, for secret purposes of their own, even in the present, what a list of eminent rebels against the spelling-book might be called up to answer for their wickedness at the bar of the Old Bailey, if anybody would be kind enough to make it a felony! Cowper, for instance, too modest and too pensive to raise upon any subject an open standard of rebellion, yet, in quiet Olney, made a small *emeute* at the word "Grecian." Everybody else was content with one "e," but he, recollecting the cornucopia of *es*, which Providence had thought fit to empty upon the mother word *Greece*, deemed it shocking to disinherit the poor child of its hereditary wealth, and wrote it therefore, *Greecian* throughout his Homer. Such a modest reform the sternest old Tory could not find it in his heart to denounce. But some contagion must have collected about this word *Greece*; for the next man, who had much occasion to use it—viz: Mitford—who wrote that "History of Greece" so eccentric, and so eccentrically praised by Lord Byron, absolutely took to spelling like a heathen, slashed right and left against decent old English words, until in fact, the whole of Entick's dictionary (*ablaqueation* and all) are ready to swear the peace against him. Mitford, in course of time, slept with his fathers; his grave, I trust, not haunted by the injured words whom he had tomahawked: and, at this present moment the Bishop of St David's reigneth in his stead. His Lordship, bound over to episcopal decorum, has hitherto been sparing in his assaults upon pure old English words: but one may trace the insurrectionary taint, passing down from Cowper through the word *Greecian*, in many of his Anglo-Hellenic forms. For instance, he insists on our saying—not *Heracleidæ* and *Pelopidæ*, as we all used to do—but *Heracleids* and *Pelopids*. A list of my Lord's barbarities, in many other cases, upon unprotected words, poor shivering aliens that fall into their power, when thrown upon the coast of his diocese, I had—*had*, I say, for, alas! *fuit Ilium*.

Yet, really, one is ashamed to linger on cases so mild as those, coming, as one does, in the order of atrocity, to Elphinstone, to Noah Webster, a Yankee—which word means, not an American, but that separate order of Americens, growing in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, in fact, a New Englander — and to the rabid Ritson. Noah would naturally have reduced us all to an antediluvian simplicity. Shem, Ham, and Japhet, probably separated in consequence of preverse varieties in spelling; so that orthographical unity might seem to him one condition for preventing national schisms. But as to the rabid Ritson, who can describe his vagaries? What great arithmetician can furnish an index to his absurdities, or what great decipherer furnish a key to the principles of these absurdities. In his very title pages, nay, in the most obstinate of ancient technicalities, he showed his cloven foot to the astonished reader. Some of his many works were printed in *Pall-Mall*; now, as the world is pleased to pronounce that word *Pel-Mel*, thus and no otherwise (said Ritson) it shall be spelled forever. Whereas, on the contrary, some men would have said: The spelling is well enough, it is the public pronunciation which is wrong. This ought to be *Paul-Maul*; or, perhaps—agreeably to the sound we give to the *a* in such words as *what, quantity, want*—still better, and with more gallantry, *Poll-Moll*. The word Mr., again, in Ritson's reformation, must have astonished the Post-office. He insisted that this cabalistical-looking form, which might as reasonably be translated into *monster*, was a direct fraud on the national language, as bad as clipping the Queen's coinage. How, then, *should* it be written? Reader! reader! that you should ask such a question! *mister*, of course; and mind that you put no capital *m*; unless, indeed, you are speaking of some great gun, some mister of misters, such as Mr. Pitt of old, or perhaps some reformer of spelling. The plural, again, of such words as *romances, ages, horses*, he wrote *romancees, agees, horsees;* and upon the following equitable consideration; that, inasmuch as the *e* final in the singular is mute, that is, by a general vote of the nation has been allowed to retire upon a superannuation allowance, it is abominable to call it back upon active service—like the modern Chelsea pensioners—as must be done, if it is to bear the whole weight of a separate syllable like *ces*. Consequently, if the nation and Parliament mean to keep faith, they are bound to hire a stout young *e* to run in the traces with the old original *e*, taking the whole word off his aged shoulders. Volumes would not suffice to exhaust the madness of Ritson upon this subject. And there was this peculiarity in his madness, over and above its clamorous ferocity, that being no classical scholar (a meagre self-taught Latinist, and no Grecian at all) though profound as a black-letter scholar, he cared not one straw for ethnographic relations of words, nor for unity of analogy, which are the principles that generally have governed reformers of spelling. He was an attorney, and moved constantly under the *monomaniac* idea that an action lay on behalf of misused letter, mutes, liquids, vowels, and dipthongs against somebody or other (John Roe, was it, or Richard Roe?) for trespass on any rights of theirs which an attorney might trace, and of course for any direct outrage upon their persons. Yet no man was more systematically an offender in both ways than himself; tying up one leg of a quadruped word, and forcing it to run upon three; cutting off noses and ears, if he fancied equity required it; and living in eternal hot water with a language which he pretended eternally to protect.

And yet all these fellows were nothing in comparison of Mr. Pinkerton. The most of these men did but ruin the national *spelling*, but Pinkerton—the monster Pinkerton—proposed a revolution which would have left us nothing to spell. It is almost incredible—if a book regularly printed and published, bought and sold did not remain to attest the fact—that this horrid barbarian seriously proposed as a glorious discovery for refining our language, the following plan. All people were content with the compass of the English languages; its range of expression was equal to anything; but, unfortunately, as compared with the sweet orchestral language of the south—Spanish the stately, and Italian the lovely—it wanted rythmus and melody. Clearly, then, the one supplementary grace, which it remained for modern art to give, is that every one should add at discretion *o* and *a, ino* and *ano*, to the end of the English words. The language, in its old days, should be taught *struttare steuttissimamente*. As a specimen, Mr. Pinkerton favored us with his own version of a famous passage in Addison, "The Vision of Mirza." The passage, which begins thus, "As I sat on the top of a rock," being translated into, "As I satto on the toppino of a rocko," &c. But *luckilissime* this *proposalio* of the *absurdissimo Pinkertonio* was not *adoptado by anybody-ini whatever-ano*.

Mr. Landor is more learned and probably more consistent in his assaults upon the established spelling than most of these elder reformers. But *that* does not make him either learned enough or consistent enough. He never ascends into Anglo-Saxon, or the many cognate languages of the Teutonic family, which is indispensable to a searching inquest upon our language: he does not put forward in this direction even the slender qualifications of Horne Tooke. But Greek and Latin are quite unequal, when disjoined from the elder wheels in our etymological system, to the working of the total machinery of the English language. Mr. Landor, proceeds upon no fixed principles in his changes. Sometimes it is on the principle of internal analogy with itself, that he would distort or retrotort the language; sometimes on the principle of external analogy with its roots; sometimes on the principle of euphony, or of metrical convenience. Even within such principles he is not uniform. All well-built English scholars, for instance, know that the word *fealty* cannot be made into a dissyllable: tri-syllable it ever was with the elder poets—Spencer, Milton, &c.; and so it is amongst all the modern poets who have taken pains wiih their English studies: *e. g.*

"The eagle lord of land and sea,
Stopp'd down—to pay him fe-al-ty."

It is dreadful to hear a man say *feal-ty* in any case but here it is luckily impossible. Now, Mr. Landor generally is correct, and trisects the word; but once, at least, he bisects it. I complain, besides, that Mr. Landor, in urging the authority of Milton for orthographic innovations, does not always distinguish as to Milton's motives. It is true, as he contends, that, in some instances, Milton reformed the spelling in obedience to the Italian precedent; and certainly without blame; as in *sovran, sdeign*, which ought not to be printed (as it is) with an elision before the *s*, as if short, for disdain; but in other instances Milton's motive had no reference to etymology. Sometimes it was this. In Milton's day, the modern use of Italics was nearly unknown. Everybody is aware that, in our authorized version of the Bible, published in Milton's infancy, italics are never once used for emphasis—but exclusively to indicate such words or auxiliary forms as, though implied and *virtually* present in the original, are not textually expressed, but must be so in English, from the different genius of the language. Now, this want of a proper technical resource amongst the compositors of the age, for indicating a peculiar stress upon a word, evidently drove Milton into some perplexity for a compensatory contrivance. It was unusually requisite for *him*, with his elaborate metrical system and his divine ear, to have an art for throwing attention upon his accents, and upon his muffling of accents. When, for instance, he wishes to direct a bright jet of emphasis upon the possessive pronoun *their*, he writes it as we now write it. But, when he wishes to take off the accent, he writes it *thir*. Like Ritson, he writes *therefor* and *wherefor* without the final *e;* not regarding the analogy, but singly the metrical quantity; for it was shocking to his classical feeling that a sound so short to the ear should be represented to the eye by so long a combination as *fore;* and the more so, because uneducated people did then, and do now, often equilibriate the accent between the two syllables, or rather make the quantity long in both syllables, whilst giving an overbalance of the *accent* to the last. The "Paradise Lost," being printed during Milton's blindness, did not receive the full an consistent benefit of his spelling reforms, which (as I have contended) certainly arose partly in the imperfections of typography at that æra; but such changes as had happened most to impress his ear with a sense of his importance, he took a special trouble, even under all the disadvantages of his darkness, to have rigorously adopted. He must have astonished the compositors, though not quite so much as the tiger-cat Ritson, or the Mr. (viz. monster) Pinkerton—each after *his* kind—astonished *their* compositors.

But the caprice of Mr Landor is shown most of all upon Greek names. *Nous autres* say "Aristotle," and are quite content with it, until we migrate into some extra-superfine world; but this title will not do for *him*: "Aristoteles" it must be. And why so? Because, answers the Landor, if once I consent to say Aristotle, then I am pledged to go the whole hog; and perhaps the next man I meet is Empedocles, whom, in that case, I must call Empedocle. Well, do so. *Call* him Empedocle; it will not break his back, which seems broad enough. But, now, mark the contradictions in which Mr. Landor is soon landed. He says, as everybody says, Terrence, and not Terentius, Horace, and not Horatius; but he must leave off such horrid practices, because he dares not call Lucretius by the analogous name of Lucrece, since that would be putting a she instead of a he; nor Propertius by the name of Properce, because *that* would be, speaking French instead of English. Next he says, and continually he says, Virgil for Virgilius. But on that principle, he ought to say, Valer for Valerius; and yet again he ought *not;* because, as he says Tully and not Tull for Tulius, so also is he bound, in Christian equity, to say Valery for Valer; but he cannot say either Valer or Valery. So here we are all in a mess. Thirdly, I charge him with saying Ovid for Ovidius: which *I* do, which everybody does, but which he must not do; for, if he means to persist in *that*, then, upon his own argument from analogy, he must call Didius Julianus by the shocking name of *Did*, which is the same thing as Tit—since T is D soft. Did was a very great man indeed, and for a very short time indeed. Probably Did was the only man that ever bade for an empire, and no mistake, at a public auction. Think of Did's bidding for the Roman empire; nay, think also of Did's having the lot actually knocked down to him; and of Did's going home to dinner with the lot in his pocket. It makes one perspire to think that, if the reader or myself had been living at that time, and had been prompted by some whim within us to bid against him, we—that is, he or I—should actually have come down to posterity by the abominable name of Anti-Did. All of us in England say Livy when speaking of the great historian, not Livius. Yet Livius Andronicus it would be impossible to indulge with that brotherly name of Livy. Marcus Antonius is called—not by Shakespeare only, but by all the world—Mark Antony; but who is it that ever called Marcus Brutus by the affectionate name of Mark Brute? "Keep your distance," we say to that very doubtful brute, "and expect no pet names from us." Finally, apply the principle of abbreviation involved in the names Pliny, Livy, Tully, all substituting *y* for *ius*, to Marius—that grimmest of grim visions that rises up to us from the phantasmagoria of Roman history. Figure to yourself, reader, that truculent face, trenched and seared with hostile swords, carrying thunder in its ominous eye-brows, and frightening armies a mile off with its scowl, being saluted by the tenderest of feminine names, as "My Mary."

Not only, therefore, is Mr. Landor inconsistent in these innovations, but the innovations, themselves, supposing them all harmonized, and established, would but plough up the landmarks of old hereditary feelings. We learn oftentimes, by a man's bearing a good-natured sobriquet amongst his comrades, that he is a kind-hearted, social creature, popular with them all! And it is an illustration of the same tendency, that the scale of popularity for the classical authors amongst our fathers, is registered tolerably well, in a gross general way, by the difference between having and *not* having a familiar name. If we except the first Cæsar, the mighty Caius Julius, who was too majestic to invite familiarity, though too gracious to have repelled it, there is no author whom our forefathers loved, but has won a sort of Christian name in the land. Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, we all say, we cancel the alien *us;* but we never say Theocrit for Theocritus. Anacreon remains rigidly Grecian marble; but *that* is only because his name is not of a plastic form—else everybody loves the sad old fellow. The same bar to familiarity existed in the names of the tragic poets, except perhaps for Æschylus; who, however, like Cæsar, is too awful for a caressing name. But Roman names were, generally, more flexible. Livy and Sullust have ever been favorites with men: Livy with everybody; Sallust, in a degree that may be called extravagant, with many celebrated Frenchmen, as the President des Brosses, and in our own days with M. Lerminier, a most eloquent and original writer ("*Etudes Historiques*") and two centuries ago, with the greatest of men, John Milton, in a degree that seems to me absolutely mysterious. There writers, are baptized into our society—have gained a settlement in our parish; when you call a man Jack, and not Mr. John, it's plain you like him. But, as to the gloomy Tacitus, our fathers like not. He was too vinegar a fellow for them: nothing hearty or genial about him: he thought ill of everybody; and we all suspect that, for those times, he was the worst of the bunch himself. Accordingly, this Tacitus, because he remained so perfectly tacit for our jolly old forefathers' ears, never slipped into the name Tacit for their mouths; nor ever, I predict, for the mouths of posterity. Coming to the Roman poets, I must grant that three great ones, viz. Lucretius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus, have not been complimented with the freedom of our city, as they should have been, in a gold box. I regret, also, the ill fortune, in this respect, of Catullus, if he was really the author of that grand headlong dithyrambic, the Atys: he certainly ought to have been ennobled by the title of Catull. Looking to very much of his writings, much more I regret the cas[illegible] of Plautus: and I am sure that if her Majesty would warrant his bearing the name of *Plaut* in all times coming, it would gratify many of us. As to the rest, or those that any body cares about, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Martial, Claudian, all have been raised to the peerage. Ovid was the great poetic favorite of Milton; and not without a philosophic ground: his festal gaiety, and brilliant velocity of his *aurora borealis* intellect, forming a deep natural equipoise to the mighty gloom and solemn planetary movement in the mind of the other; like the wedding of male and female counterparts. Ovid was, therefore, rightly Milton's favorite. But the favorite of all the world is Horace. Were there ten peerages, were three blue ribbons vacant, he ought to have them all.

Besides, if Mr. Landor could issue decrees, and even harmonize his decrees for reforming our Anglo-Grecian spelling—decrees which no Council of Trent could execute, without first re-building the Holy office of the Inquisition—still there would be little accomplished. The names of all continental Europe are often in confusion, from different causes, when Anglicised: German names are rarely spelled rightly by the *laity* of our isle: Polish and Hungarian never. Many foreign towns have in England what botanists call *trivial* names, Leghorn for instance, Florence, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Munich, Antwerp, Brussels, the Hague—all unintelligible names to the savage Continental native. Then, if Mr. Landor reads as much of Anglo-Indian books as I do, he must be aware that, for many years back, they have all been at sixes and sevens; so that now most Hindoo words are in masquerade, and we shall soon require *English* pundits in Leadenhall Street. How does he like, for instance, *Sipahee*, the modern form for *Sepoy?* or *Tapheen* for *Tiffin?* At this rate of metamorphosis, absorbing even the consecrated names of social meals, we shall soon cease to understand what that *disjune* was which his sacred Majesty graciously accepted at Tillietudlem. But even elder forms of oriental speech are as little harmonized in Christendom. A few leagues of travelling make the Hebrew unintelligible to us; and the Bible becomes a Delphic mystery to Englishmen among the countrymen of Luther. Solomon is there called Salamo; Sampson is called Simson, though probably he never published an edition of Euclid. Nay, even in this native isle of ours, you may be at cross purposes on the Bible with your own brother. I am, myself, next door neighbor to Westmoreland, being a Lancashire man; and, one fine day, I was talking with a Westmoreland farmer, whom, of course I ought to have understood very well: but I had no chance with him: for I could not make out who that *No* was concerning *whom* or concerning *which*, he persisted in talking. It seemed to me, from the context, that *No* must be a man, and by no means a chair; but so very negative a name, you perceive, furnished no positive hints for solving the problem. I said as much to the farmer, who stared in stupefaction. "What!" cried he, "did a far-larn'd man like you, fresh from Oxford, never hear of *No*, an old gentleman that should have been drowned, but was *not*, when all his folks were drowned?" "Never, so help me Jupiter," was my reply, "never heard of him to this hour, any more than of *Yes*, an old gentleman that should have been hanged, but was not, when all his folks were hanged. *Populous No*—I had read of in the Prophets; but that was not an old gentleman." It turned out that the farmer and all his compatriots in bonny Martindale had been taught at the parish school to rob the Patriarch Noah of one clear moiety appertaining in fee simple to that ancient name. But afterwrrds I found that the farmer was not so entirely absurd, as he seemed. The Septuagint, indeed, is clearly against him; for there, as plain as a pikestaff, the farmer might have read *Noe*. But, on the other hand, Pope, not quite so great a scholar as he was a poet, yet still a fair one, *always* made Noah into a monosyllable; and that seems to argue an old English usage: though I really believe Pope's reason for adhering to such an absurdity was with a prospective view to the rhymes *blow*, or *row*, or *stow*, (an important idea to the Ark,) which struck him as likely words, in case of any call for writing about Noah.

The long and short of it is—that the whole world lies in heresy or schism on the subject of orthography. It is absolutely of no use to begin with one's own grandmother in such labors of reformation. It is toil thrown away; and as nearly hopeless a task as the proverb insinuates that it is to attempt a reformation in that old lady's mode of eating eggs. She laughs at one. She has a vain conceit that she is able, out of her own proper resources, to do both, viz. the spelling and the eating of the eggs. And all that remains for philosophers, like Mr. Landor and myself, is—to turn away in sorrow rather than in anger, dropping a silent tear for the poor old lady's infatuation.

Popular Fallacies.

"The habits of the king of beasts are not of that noble order which naturalists formerly ascribed to him. In the daytime he will almost invariably fly from man, unless attacked, when his courage is that of mingled rage and despair. I have seen the lion, suddenly roused from his lair, run off as timidly as a buck. It is said that even at night they do not like to seize a man from a party, especially if the persons exercise their voices; and that the carcass of an antelope, or other game, may be preserved untouched by hanging some stirrups on a branch near, so that the irons may clash together when blown by the wind: a white handkerchief on the end of a ramrod is another receipt for effecting the same object. The lion is a stealthy, cunning brute, never attacking unless he has the advantage, and, relying on his vast strength, feels sure of the victory. The natives tell incredible stories of his sagacity, which would almost make him a reasoning animal. There are well-authenticated cases on record of lions carrying men away at night from the fire-side, but these are quite the exception—they are gregarious, as many as twenty having been seen in a troop."

Methuen's South Africa.

Nature hath assigned [illegible] sovereign remedies for human grief: [illegible], surest, firmest, first and best; [illegible] to the weak, and to the wounded, [illegible] strenuous [illegible]